FIRST COMICS
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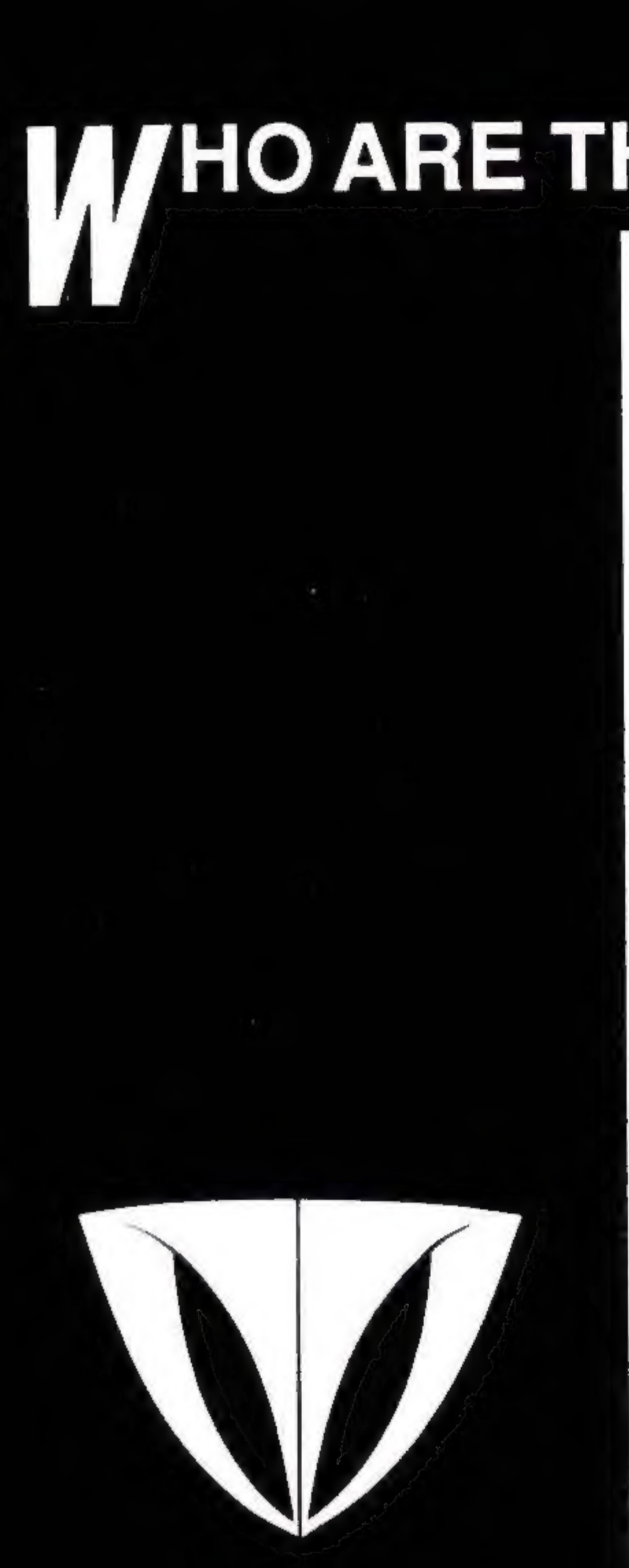
DYNAMO JOE

WHO ARE THESE GUYS, ANYWAY?



It is a new age, more than a thousand years hence, yet human nature has changed little. The forces and conditions that have bred wars in the centuries gone by now breed a different kind of war, a new breed of warrior. One of these new warriors is the robosoldier **Dynamo Joe**. This is his story.

Only three civilizations exist in our spiral of the galaxy, the greatest being the **Terran Confederation**, centered on Earth. The galaxy is shared with the cat-like **Tavitans**, and a benign master race, the **Imperium**.

The two man crew of **Dynamo Joe** consists of:

1) **Sergeant Elanian Daro**: citizen of the Imperium.

2) **Private Pomru Purrrwakawaka**: a young Tavitan out to see the Universe.

Ten years before the start of this story, the planets at the Galactic rim fell under attack by a bizarre extra-galactic enemy called the **Mellenares** — millions of microscopic organ - isms linked together to form a single group consciousness, and possessing the ability to read minds. The foe moves at sub-light speeds, in an obsessive straight-line, devour - ing planets in its path. All attempts at communication have been frustrated; no envoys returned alive.

LAST ISSUE: After **Dynamo Joe** and the other members of **Spectre Squadron** thwart a giant Mellenares attack, a violent mutiny erupts on **Sigma Base**, engineered by the **"Dreamers"** — civilians and soldiers who have fallen under the mind control of the Mellenares.

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A FIRST COMICS PUBLISHING PRODUCTION

SITUATION REVIEW-- AT APPROXIMATELY 0700 HOURS, A SQUAD OF *SECURITY PERSONNEL* OPENED FIRE WITHIN THE *MAIN DRIVE* CONTROL DECK OF SIGMA BASE.

INFLICTING HEAVY CASUALTIES, THEY SECURED AND SEALED OFF THE AREA. AT THE SAME TIME, A SECOND SQUAD SURPRISED AND OVERPOWERED THE GUARDS OF DETENTION BLOCK A, AND RELEASED 306 *DREAMERS* BEING HELD THERE.

THE HYPOTHOSIS THAT THE SOLDIERS INVOLVED WERE THEMSELVES DREAMERS WAS CONFIRMED BY THE GROUP THAT HAS CAPTURED *GENERAL IPPOLITOV.*

THEY PROPOSE TO MOVE THE ENTIRE BASE TO SPACE CONTROLLED BY THE *ENEMY.* THEY HAVE BEGUN THE *DRIVE ACTIVATION* SEQUENCE AND WILL BE READY TO WARP IN 56 MINUTES.

THE LOSS OF SIGMA BASE WILL RESULT IN THE TOTAL *COLLAPSE* OF THE CORRIDOR DEFENSES AND WILL GUARANTEE THE *DESTRUCTION* OF BOTH *LONDREE* AND *TERRA.*

SIGMA SYNDROME

SCRIPT: *PHIL FOGLIO*
PENCILS: *DOUG RICE*
INKS: *BRIAN THOMAS*
LETTERS: *KEN HOLEWCZYNSKI*
COLORS: *RICK TAYLOR*
EDITS: *RICK OLIVER*

"AT OUR CURRENT POSITION, WE WILL BE UNABLE TO REACH SIGMA BASE IN TIME TO RENDER ASSISTANCE.

"HOWEVER, THE STAR CRUISERS PSYCHE, DRACULA, MAHOUN AND ZADKIEL ARE CURRENTLY STATIONED AT SIGMA BASE."

THEIR *COMBINED WEAPONRY* IS SUFFICIENT TO *DESTROY* SIGMA BASE'S DRIVE SECTION AND THEREBY PREVENT WARP.

AND THE *CASUALTIES* RESULTING FROM SUCH A PLAN, *DATA-COM*?

DUE TO DREAMER CONTROL OF STRATEGIC EVACUATION STATIONS, PROJECTED CASUALTIES GO OVER A *MILLION*.

SO... THEY TRY TO USE OUR PEOPLE AS A SHIELD.

HOW MANY *COMBAT UNITS* ARE AT SIGMA AT THE *MOMENT*?

ONLY ONE ADMIRAL-*SPECTRE* SQUADRON.

IS THEIR C.O. ANY GOOD?

ONE OF THE *BEST*, SIR.

WE ARE TOO FAR FROM THE BATTLE. THERE *MUST* BE SOMEBODY THERE IN CHARGE...

SEND A MESSAGE!

DYNAMO JOE™

ATTENTION ALL PERSONNEL. THIS IS DATA-COM 1. DUE TO THE EXTREME EMERGENCY ON SIGMA BASE...

COMMAND AUTHORITY IS BEING REASSIGNED...

ALL OFFICERS IN THE FIELD WILL COMPLY WITH THIS DIRECTIVE EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY.

FIELD PROMOTION IS HEREBY GRANTED TO...

ELANIAN DARO, SPECTRE SQUADRON LEADER, NOW GENERAL. THAT IS ALL.

WHAT!?!

LIEUTENANT BURR OF COMMUNICATIONS, SIR. HERE ARE YOUR SEALED ORDERS.

WOWR! CONGRATU-LATIONS, SAR- I MEAN GENERAL!

BUT WHAT DO THEY EXPECT ME TO DO?

THOSE TERRAN BASTARDS!

SRAP!

THEY DIRECT ME TO ORDER OUR SHIPS TO *FIRE* ON SIGMA..." TO PERSONALLY OVERSEE AND ALLOW MAXI-MUM TIME FOR EVACUATION."

LOGICAL, YES, BUT IT WILL BE *MY* NAME THAT WILL BE FOR-EVER CONNECTED WITH THE DEATH AND DESTRUCTION THAT WILL RESULT!

ALL OF SPACE WILL *CONDEMN* ME FOR NOT SEEING A *BETTER SOLUTION*... THERE *MUST* BE A...

...

SPECTRE SQUADRON PREPARE FOR IMMEDIATE LIFTOFF!

MOVE IT! YA SCHNABBA-CRABBIN' ROOKIES!

POMRU, GET ME *SECURITY* ON THE LINE.

YESSIR!

OKAY, HERE'S THE *PLAN*-- WE'RE GOING *INTO* SIGMA BASE WITH THE BATTLESUITS. POMRU AND I WILL ATTEMPT TO *DISABLE* THE WARP DRIVE ENGINE. HAWKEYE, YOU WILL ATTEMPT TO *RESCUE* GENERAL IPPOLITOV. SCATHER, YOU'LL FOLLOW US IN. HOPELESS ROMANTIC AND SWEETUMS, YOU'LL OVERSEE THE *EVACUATION* OF PERSONNEL.

AND I ?

YOU HAVE THE MOST DEMANDING JOB OF ALL, COLONEL. CAN WOLF 1 DESTROY THE DRIVE SECTION OF SIGMA BASE? *JUST* THE DRIVE SECTION?

OH, YESSIR, NO PROBLEM.

VERY WELL, GIVE US 42 MINUTES TO DISABLE THE DRIVE. *NOT* 43. *NOT* 41. GIVE US 42 *MINUTES* AND THEN, UNLESS YOU HEAR OTHERWISE, TAKE IT OUT. DO YOU *UNDERSTAND*?

YOU'LL GET EVERY SECOND, GENERAL.

SURE HOPE HE CAN COUNT. SECURITY CALLING, GENERAL.

PATCH THEM THROUGH.

SIR! AIRLOCK/BAY 33 IS THE CLOSEST TO THE DRIVE SECTION. YOU'LL BE HOOKING UP IN SECTION 69J7 UNDER CAPTAIN WALSH. GOOD LUCK, SIR.

AIRLOCK/BAY 33 APPEARS TO BE IN DREAMER HANDS. SECURITY, PREPARE TO TAKE THE BAY AND BEGIN IMMEDIATE RE-PRESSURIZATION ONCE WE'RE THROUGH. OKAY POMRU, LET'S GO.

STAND CLEAR OF THE DOOR FOLKS, WE'RE GOING DOWN!

KA-THOOOMM!!!

WHAT THE DEVIL WAS THAT?! THE WHOLE BASE SHOOK!

TELL ALL THE TROOPS TO PREPARE FOR A COUNTER ATTACK!

YESSIR!

CRUMM

PFF!

CAPTAIN WALSH? GENERAL DARO HERE. WHAT IS OUR SITUATION?

THERE'S A HEAVILY FORTIFIED *BARRICADE* AHEAD. WE'VE LOST 12 MEN SO FAR.

SENSORS INDICATE HAND WEAPONS AND A LIGHTWEIGHT *FUSION CANNON*.

NOTHING SERIOUS. WE'LL CLEAR THE WAY, CAPTAIN. HAVE YOUR MEN BRING UP THE REAR.

GRINNNDRRRMMBLE

OKAY BOYS, FOLLOW THE GENERAL!

I DIDN'T KNOW GENERALS *GOT* THAT BIG!

THEY'RE *ALL* THAT BIG. THEY JUST LOOK SMALL ON THE VISI-SCREEN.

WHAT? HELLO? PERIMETER 6, CAN YOU READ ME? WE JUST LOST PERIMETER 6 ...THEY SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A DYNAMO SUIT.

I TOLD YOU, THIS DARO IS A 'BOT COMMANDER, SO OF COURSE HE'LL USE 'BOTS. THAT'S WHY I HAD TEAPOT HERE WARMING UP.

POWER FEEDS DISENGAGED. WHY ARE THEY FIGHTING US? CAN'T THEY FEEL...

NO, THEY CAN'T.

AND IF YOU WEREN'T ONE OF US, DIDN'T FEEL WHAT WE FEEL, YOU'D FIGHT US TOO. WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT, WHAT WE'RE DOING SOUNDS CRAZY.

BUT WE KNOW BETTER.

DO WE? POWER UP, ALL SYSTEMS ARE GREEN.

WELL...WHAT DO YOU THINK WILL HAPPEN WHEN WE CONTACT THE MELLANARES?

ME? I THINK THEY'LL KILL US.

ACCORDING TO THE FLOOR PLANS, WE'RE COMING UP ON A LARGE MAINTE-NANCE BAY, SAR-UH... GENERAL.

NO LIFE READINGS, SAR-UH, GENERAL.

ODD, I'D HAVE THOUGHT THIS AN EXCEL-LENT PLACE FOR AN *AMBUSH*. CAPTAIN, YOU CAN BRING UP YOUR MEN BUT TELL THEM TO REMAIN AT ALERT.

YESSIR.

CLICK CLICK CLICK

WHINNNNE

POMRU, IF IT MAKES THINGS EASIER FOR YOU - YOU CAN CON-TINUE TO CALL ME SERGEANT.

WOWR! THANKS GEN-UH, SARGE!

WHERE IS EVERYBODY? I HAD *FRIENDS* STATIONED HERE. I HOPE THEY'RE OKAY.

HEY! WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

RELAX PRIVATE, IT'S JUST AN ARC-WELDING *DRONE*. MAN-TENANCE USES THEM.

BUT WHAT'S IT *DOING*?

I DON'T KNOW, PROBABLY

AAAAA!

SPAKK!

LADY OF SPACE! — THEY'VE RIGGED THE DRONES !!

DEFENSIVE CIRCLE! FIRE AT WILL!

SPOP CRACKLE

VDAM!!!

YOU GOT ABOUT A DOZEN OF 'EM SARGE — BUT I'M PICKING UP HUNDREDS OF 'EM!

LET'S DO IT, POMRU.

CAPTAIN I...

GET MOVING GENERAL — WE CAN HANDLE THESE EIGHT-BALLS, GO!

KBONG KBONG KABONG! KABONG!

THE CORRIDOR *NARROWS* THROUGH HERE, SARGE - WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO *CRAWL*.

GOTCHA!

SHAKAKAK

BING

SPOW

BWANG

AKAKAKAKAKAKA

ALWAYS CHECK THE *SIDE* CORRIDORS, 'GENERAL.'

SARGE! WE'VE BEEN SUCKER BUNCHED! WE'RE BEING RAKED BY SMALL ARMS FIRE ALONG OUR PORT SIDE!

DAMN! WE CAN'T STOP! KEEP GOING!

AKAKAKAKAKAKA

"SARGE! HE'S TRYING TO CHEW HIS WAY INTO OUR *FUSION REACTOR!* IF HE HITS THAT - WE'RE *DEAD!*"

K-TANG!

SPWANG

TING

BWEEN

"WHOEVER'S IN THAT A.P.S.* KNOWS WHERE A DYNAMO SUIT'S *WEAK POINTS* ARE!"

*ARMORED POWER SUIT.

GRUNGE

WE GOT NO ROOM TO MANUEVER... WE'RE LOSING LEG FUNCTIONS...

WE JUST LOST THE RIGHT LEG.

"POWER READING ARE BEGINNING TO FLUCUATE."

OUR WEAPONS SYSTEMS CAN'T COVER THAT END OF THE SUIT... WE CAN'T TURN...

CURSE ME FOR A FOOL!

BRACE YOURSELF! LEG ROCKETS ON!

RRHHAAHR

SSSSSS

SNAP!

"THE BOGIE'S DOWN, SARGE."

SARGE, I DON'T THINK WALSH'S MEN WILL BE ABLE TO GET *THROUGH* THAT MESS. WE'RE ON OUR *OWN*.

WHAT'S OUR STATUS?

THE REACTOR'S STABILIZED – THAT'S THE *GOOD* NEWS. WE'VE LOST THE USE OF BOTH LEGS, AND WE'VE GOT MAJOR STRUCTURAL AND ELECTRICAL DAMAGE. THE REPAIR PROGRAMS ARE ENGAGED AND RUNNING BUT...

BUT WE DON'T HAVE *TIME* TO WAIT. WHERE ARE WE IN RELATION TO THE DRIVE CONTROL BLOCK?

PRETTY CLOSE... UM... HERE!

PERFECT!

VREEEEEEE!

BUT SARGE! THAT COULD BURN THEM OUT! THEY CAN'T...

THEY'VE *GOT* TO – JUST FOR ONE... LAST...

DIVERT EVERY ERG OF POWER YOU CAN DIRECTLY INTO THE SUIT MOTORS

"...SHOT!"

TABAAM

THEY'RE HERE!!

GIVE ME A CONTINUOUS SWEEP WITH HEAD CANNON ON AUTO-MATIC! HOW ARE WE FOR TIME?

SARGE! SENSORS INDICATE THAT THE DRIVE UNITS GOING INTO...

SHUTDOWN

THEY DID IT!! I KNEW HE COULD DO IT!

WOLF 1! COLONEL VAUTRAVERS! THEY DID IT! THE SARGE SHUT DOWN THE DRIVE!

YOU CAN STAND DOWN. THE SARGE DID IT! AIN'T THAT GREAT?...UH, COLONEL? DO YOU READ ME? ACKNOWLEDGE, PLEASE...

ACKNOWLEDGED.

C'MON BOYS, LET'S GO GET US A DRINK

YESSIR!

THE FIRST DOZEN ARE ON US!

LATER...

GENERAL IPPOLITOV?

GENERAL. DARO. STATUS REPORT.

ALL *DREAMERS* ARE IN *CUSTODY* AND ALL AREAS SECURED. WE SUFFERED 743 CASUALTIES FROM BOTH SIDES. *REPAIRS* TO THE DRIVE SECTION ARE EXPECTED TO BE COMPLETED BY NEXT TUESDAY. I'VE HAD A FULL TEAM OF TECHNOS ASSIGNED TO PRIVATE POMRU, AND THEY EXPECT TO HAVE THE *SUIT* OVER-*HAULED* BY SOMETIME NEXT WEEK. HOW'S THE FOOT SIR?

BETTER. THANK YOU. COMMEND YOUR PEOPLE ON AN... *ENTHUSIASTIC* RESCUE.

"I ALSO HAVE A REPORT FROM *PSYCH DIVISION*. THEY CLAIM THESE DREAMERS WERE *TRIGGERED* BY THE GIANT MELLANARES WAR-MACHINE THAT MATERIALIZED NEXT TO SIGMA.*

GOOD NEWS. YOU HAVE DONE WELL. IS THAT ALL?

I AM HERE TO *RELINQUISH* MY COMMAND, SIR.

PSYCH CLAIMS THAT THEY WERE ABLE TO *RECORD* THE *FIELD* THE ENEMY GENERATED AND THEY THINK THEY CAN *DUPLICATE* IT.

NYET! THERE MUST BE SOMEONE *ABLE* IN COMMAND OF SIGMA AT ALL TIMES. EVEN WITH THE *SPEEDHEAL* TECHNIQUE, THE DOCTORS SAY I WILL BE IMMOBILIZED UNTIL *MORNING*. YOU MUST RETAIN RANK UNTIL YOU CAN BE RELIEVED.

BUT...

IF SO, THEY'LL BE ABLE TO *TEST* ALL PERSONNEL AND *DETECT* THOSE WHO MIGHT BECOME DREAMERS. THEY CAN THEN BE RE-ASSIGNED FROM THE WAR ZONE.

BESIDES, I FIND THAT THIS *VODKA* TASTES MUCH BETTER WHEN ONE IS A *GENERAL*...

DA?

DA.

*SEE LAST ISSUE.

NEXT: 'DUEL' EX MACHINA...

CARGONAUTS™

TO ARMS, THREE ARMS, FOUR ARMS, FIVE — THAT'S THE WAY TO LOOK ALIVE
-WALT KELLY

I THINK WE'RE *READY* CAP'N

THEY'RE HOLDING MY *FATHER* IN THEIR DETENTION BLOCK.

OKAY, LET'S... WHERE'S JAZZ?

BREAKIN' OUT IS HARD TO DO

WRITER - FOGLIO
PENCILLER - GUINAN
INKER - ABRAMS
LETTERER - HOLEWCZYNSKI
COLORIST - TAYLOR
OVERSIGHTS - OLIVER

SORRY CAP'N. I HAD TO *MOVE* SOME STUFF AWAY FROM THE SHIP.

GOOD THINKING, WHEN WE GO, WE'LL WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE *FAST.*

THE AREA'S *CLEAR*... LET'S GO.

A LITTLE *TOO* CLEAR... THEY'RE PROBABLY *WAIT-ING* FOR US.

PROBABLY.

RELAX, CAP'N, AIN'T CHA GOT NO FAITH IN TECHNOLOGY?

OKAY, THERE IT IS - *DESERTED,* TOO. HOW OBVIOUS CAN YOU GET?

"...INSIDE."

DETENTION

OH, THEY'LL BE HERE - THEY'RE PROBABLY...

SEVEN

WHAM

FREEZE!!

WHAT'S GOING ON?

I EXPECTED IT TO BE EASY, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS.

ZZZZ

FRAN!

DAD!

DON'T WORRY, RUSSEL, THINGS WILL PICK UP. JAZZ, GO SEE IF YOU CAN HOT-WIRE THAT TRUCK OUT BACK IN CASE WE HAVE TO MOVE OUT FAST.

JAWHOL!

WHO ARE YOU? YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE THE SPACE PATROL.

WE'RE NOT.

YOU MANAGED TO GET THROUGH DELASANDRO'S MEN?

WE DIDN'T SEE THEM COMING IN, BUT GOING OUT WILL BE ANOTHER STORY.

IN FACT, UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN--

YUP.

CLANTON! THIS IS DELASANDRO!

SURRENDER PEACEFULLY AND WE'LL ONLY TAKE YOUR SHIP... WHAT DO YOU THINK?

NOT MUCH.

CLIK!

CARGO GRAPPLE
LAUNCH SEQUENCE
REMOTE
SIGNAL RECEIVED
TELEMETRY SAT 30 780

BEEP

ABOARD THE STAR OF MILWAUKEE, THE MIGHTY KIWI 3000 COMPUTER RECEIVES THE AWAITED SIGNAL...

POOM!

AND FIRES THE CARGO GRAPPLE...

WHICH ARCS GRACEFULLY OVER THE TOWN...

DETENTION

AND LANDS...

CHOMF!

SNAK!

SIX FEET SHORT! DAMN KNOW-IT-ALL COMPUTER!

COVER ME, RUSSEL.

RIGHT.

GOT IT!

GET READY TO SHUT THE DOOR!

WHAT THE HELL IS... STOP HIM!

LOOK OUT FOR FALLING CABLE!

HEY!

WHAT!?!

LOOK OUT!

WHOA!

HEY!

ETENTION

OKAY, SHOOT THE LOCK AND EVERYBODY GET IN!

GET IN?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! I THOUGHT THIS WAS A BREAK-OUT?!

BLANG!

VAP!

AND ON THE STAR, ENGINES ENGAGE AND THE MAIN DOCKING WINCH BEGINS TO PULL...

KA-CHUNK

SQUEE SQUEE SQUEE

LET'S GIVE IT A HAND, SHALL WE?

CLUNK!

IT IS, SIR. I'M JUST GIVING THE FOLKS OUT FRONT SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT. AHH I GUESS THEY NEVER EXPECTED A BREAKOUT... THIS PLACE IS AL-MOST READY TO FALL APART BY ITSELF.

WITH VISIBLE RESULTS.

TWONG-G-G

DETENTION

BUT WHAT.. OH NO..DON'T JUST STAND THERE..RUSH EM!

KKKKKKKKKRRRACKK!

BACK AGAINST THE WALL!

HERE THEY COME!

SPONG

THEY JUST DON'T BUILD 'EM...

HUH?

WHAT THE...?

HEY, WHAT?

HEY!

RUN!!

RUNCH

CRAK!

ION

SNAP

WHAP!

AK!

AIEEE!

SPLAT

HELP!

GUESS THIS'LL TEACH THEM OWLHOOTS NOT TO MESS WITH THE CLANTON GANG. HEH, HEH, HEH

FIRST THE BAR- NOW THIS... DO YOU PEOPLE ALWAYS LEAVE A BUILDING THIS WAY?

IS THERE ANY OTHER WAY?

OKAY... STORM THAT BUILDING!

STORAGE

GO! GO! GO!

TIK TIK TIK PING

SNAP!

EVERYBODY'S ABOARD... LET'S GO!

OH, FOR THE LOVE OF...

RUMBLE CLUNK CLUNK GAFF

WELL NOW, MR. SMITH. NOW THAT WE'VE GOT A FREE MOMENT... LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF. I'M CAPTAIN ZEPHREM CLANTON OF THE STAR OF MILWAUKEE. AND WE'VE GOT A SMALL PROBLEM YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP US OUT WITH...

GOOD WORK! DIGGING OUT THEIR OWN PEOPLE SHOULD KEEP THEM BUSY FOR AWHILE.

WHROOM!

...SO WHAT DO YOU THINK? DRAT! JAZZ, GET MR. SMITH ABOARD AND TRY TO REVIVE HIM, WILL YA?

!#%¢*?!!

BETTER HURRY, WE'VE GOT COMPANY!

THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO TULLIO DELASANDRO.. I PLANNED AHEAD FOR THIS...

AS YOU SAY, SIR.

CLANTON! HOLD IT RIGHT THERE... OR ELSE!

OR ELSE WHAT? YOU GONNA NOT PAY US AGAIN?

OR ELSE I BLOW YOU AND THAT JUNKER OF YOURS TO FLINDERS, SMART ASS! I HAD EXPLOSIVES PLANTED AROUND YOUR SHIP!

LET'S GO, CAP'N.

JAZZ, HE PLANTED BOMBS!

OH THOSE. NO PROBLEM. THAT'S WHAT I WAS MOVING AWAY FROM THE SHIP.

ARE YOU SURE YOU GOT THEM ALL?

PRETTY SURE.

PRETTY SURE!?!

SO LONG CHUMP— I WASN'T BLUFFING!!

CLICK RUNK

"SO WHERE DID YOU MOVE THE BOMBS TO?"

KA-BLAM

"DELASANDRO'S WAREHOUSE"

STARA

EXCHANGE

CRADLE

BLAM-BA-BAM

OH... NO.

I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS CLANTON – AND WHEN I DO I'LL MAKE YOU EAT THAT SHIP OF YOURS, JUST YOU WAIT!

THAT WAS A NICE PIECE OF WORK, THERE, FOLKS. YOU'RE TOUGH, FAST AND YOU CAN THINK ON YOUR FEET. I THINK THIS LITTLE EPISODE SHOWS THAT I'VE BEEN FREE-LANCING A LITTLE TOO LONG.

THINK YOU FOLKS COULD USE A MANAGER?

CALUMET SMITH... WELCOME ABOARD!

Dear Tabby

C/O FIRST COMICS
435 N. LASALLE
CHICAGO IL 60610

Dear Dynamic Ones:

Hey, hey, hey, it's the return of Dynamo Joe, the comic book that says that if you can't have fun in the middle of a desperate interstellar war, where can you have fun?

But seriously folks... one of the great appeals of this mag is the way it can mix humor and drama without cheapening either. We can still laugh at and with the characters here while at the same time remembering what a crucial endeavour they are engaged in. In fact, the "lowly" frontline soldiers know so little of what's really going on that their only defense is to laugh — to make light of the situation in order to try to survive psycho - logically. Only at the higher command levels does the full weight of responsibility and knowledge come down. Then you can see some major league depression.

Hellooooooo? I guess I was digressing a bit there. Suffice it to says that the psychological compositions of the major char - acters helps to keep DJ from becoming just another giant robot book.

Pomru talks of some readings going off the scale. Doesn't DJ have digital readouts rather than old-fashioned scales? Hey, I would have thought DJ would be so much of a high-tech wonder that it would have everything from a microwave oven to stereo headphones.

Finally, I must praise you for designating this issue as #4, following the numbering from the three-issue limited series. I mean, most other companies would have started at #1 again in order to reap the great profits that first issues always bring in. But not you guys! You're not interested in huge piles of crisp new dollar bills. No, you fight for continuity and artistic integrity. Yes, you are right to refuse to dance in huge waterfalls of money, flowing in uncontrolled fury until you are buried beneath it! It is only mere money, no matter if it is thousands, hun - dreds of thousands, or even millions. I applaud you for, um... hey, where did you go? (Oh no, I can see it now: "On sale next month: Dynamo Joe #1!" And the next month and the next month...)

T.M. Maple
Box 1272, Station B
Weston, Ontario
M9L 2R9 Canada

Dear Dynamo Joe:

I really love your comic. I think you are the best battlesuit. I have a few questions. I would like you to answer them:

1) What other comics have you been in?

2) Will you ever be in a graphic novel? I hope so!

3) Will the Cargonauts be in their own issue at the end of your story? I think you two should be a team and go on missions together.

4) How about having Pomru hiding some kind of object and have them traveling to Earth in the year 1986?

Jimmy Pullin
1382 Astoria Dr.
Fairfield, CA 94533

1) ***Mars*** *(issues 10-12) and* ***First Adventures*** *(issues 1-5),* ***Dynamo Joe Special*** *#1,* ***Grimjack*** *#30.*

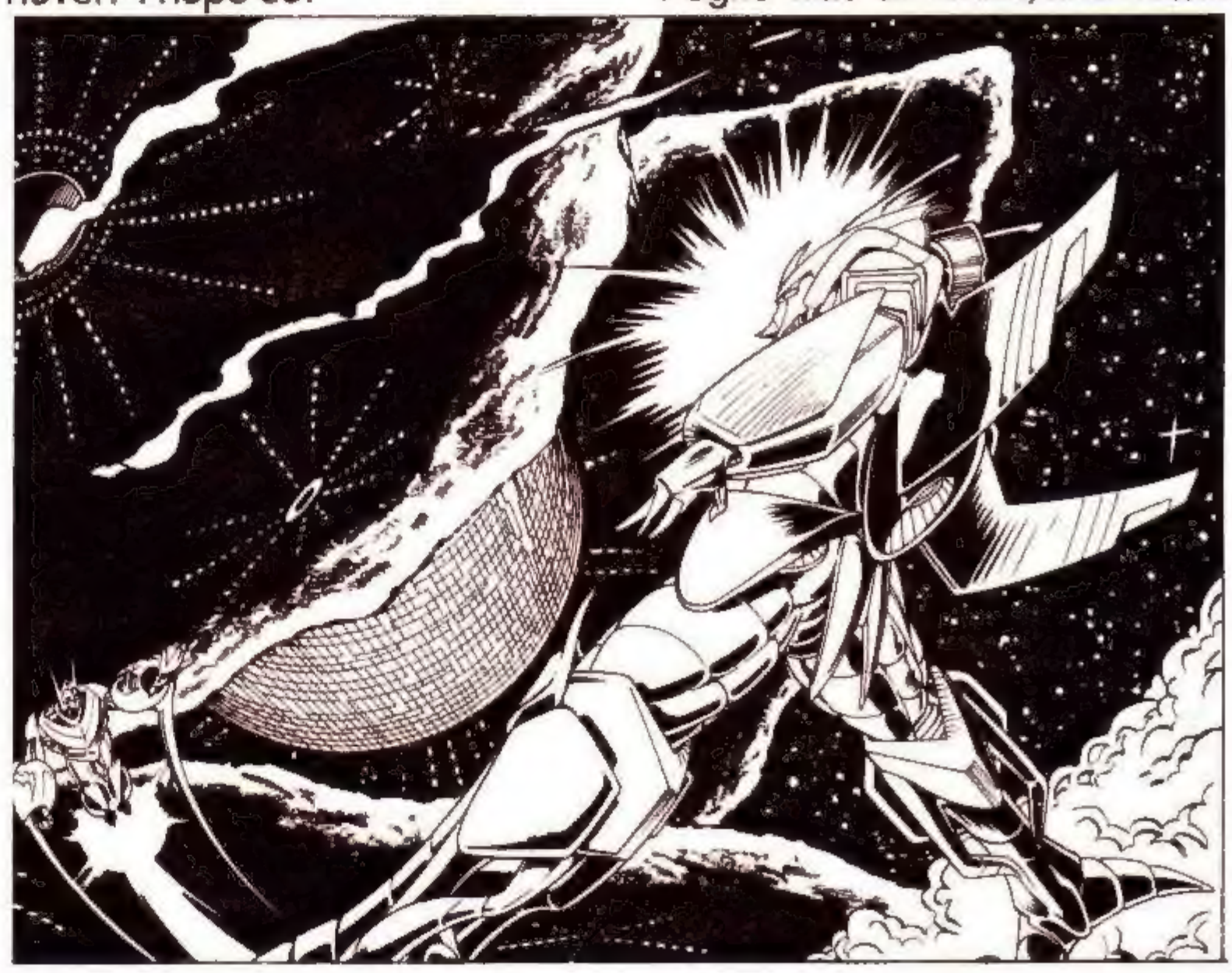
2) I hope so, too.

3) Check out the next Cargo - nauts adventure begin ning in issue #9.

4) He already did — and he gave ***Doug Rice*** *his personal diary, which is the basis for this entire series.*

Yo Joe!

Well, I've gotta hand it to you. All this time we all thought Phil Foglio was an artist, and now all



of a sudden he turns into a script writer! (Well, actually that shouldn't come as any great surprise to anyone who's familiar with his scripting work on Mythadventures and Buck Godot.)

I think you may just have a hit here. Joe may never win the Pulitzer Prize for literature, but who cares? It's got everything you could want in a space opera. Space battles, marauding aliens, bloody great robot suits, feline sentients, and of course space - ships whose method of propulsion would come as a con - siderable surprise to Issac Newton. Constant boost for constant velocity? But who cares? Pass the popcorn!

Nice artwork, too, which helps, although there may be some significance in the fact that Pomru seems to be the only character whose face shows any subtlety of expression. This problem doesn't occur in the Cargonauts back-up, which also has good artwork. (First's printing helps a lot, of course. None of that blurring and smearing you get with some companies I could name.)

On to a few related matters...

The Grimjack/Dynamo Joe crossover was, like all such crossovers, nothing but a blatant attempt to get us to buy another title and put even more filthy lucre into the publisher's coffers. Needless to say, I saw through such blatant, shameless com - mercialism immediately.

Yes, all right, so I bought the darn thing. And the Dynamo Joe Special. Um...you're not thinking of marketing a Dynamo Joe model by any chance? And when does the Dynamo Joe cartoon series begin?

Meanwhile... what the hell is a Dyna-sword (apart from a lousy pun)? Sounds like a plumbing firm: "Drain blocked? Call Dyna-Sword!"

Speaking of lousy puns... the Tavitans are only the latest in a long line of feline aliens in the annals of science fiction, fol - lowing in the footsteps of such noble ancestors as Larry Niven's Kzin, Cordwainer Smith's cat-derived Underpeople, Michael Coney's Felinas, and C.J. Cherryh's Hani. Now what I want to know is... are all these alien species derived from a common ancestor? A kindof, as it were... missing lynx?

Lee Mendham
19 Chalk Pit Hill
Chatham, Kent
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Phil, Doug, Brian, etc.:

Glad to see Dynamo Joe become regular. Shocked to find the lead story a measly 14 pages. Glad to find that the back-up feature ties in strongly with the lead.

John Egan
1557 Newlands Ave.
Burlingame, CA 94010

Whoa! Go back and count again, John. The lead feature is two pages longer than you give it credit for. But I understand your point — and if ***Doug Rice*** *could produce 50 high-quality pages on a monthly basis, then we'd publish 50 pages of* ***DJ*** *every month.*

But as many readers have noticed, ***Dynamo Joe*** *is much more than just another giant robot book. Every page is a labor of love, and it shows. We chose the Cargonauts back-up series to give readers a full comic worth of DJ-related action every issue. And all our plans for future back-up series are intended to expand upon the Dynamo Joe universe.*

Dear Tabby:

Holy tuna! what a great adventure you and Sarge are in. Hats off to the crew that put Dynamo Joe together, and thanks for continuing the series.

As a person who grew up with Star Trek and the successful Robotech series, I really didn't think another could come along to give me the "fun" and enjoyment the others had. Especially with the hordes of "Transformer" types that I consider substandard.

But you made me a believer that, with the proper talent, imagination, and the desire to publish a comic that goes beyond trying to make a buck, you have made a classic for others to set standards by.

The relationship you have built between Sarge and Pomru is superb! The interplay and wit between them is truly amazing and fun to watch. Now that you've got the main storyline going, how's about some background work on the in - dividual characters — especially Pomru. And I've just got to know about his culture and race.

Also, if there isn't any at the moment, I'd like to start a Dynamo Joe Fan Club and welcome all to join forces to back our Knight in Space.

P.S. You better start thinking about posters and buttons for your fans.

"Uncle" Ben Benninghoff
W. 125 6th, Apt. 401
Spokane, WA 99204

The First Official Dynamo Joe Poster should be hitting your local comics shop right about now. Although we aren't cur - rently offering any for sale, maybe if enough fans write in...

NEXT MONTH: Pomru decides to run some new "experiments" on Dynamo Joe, little knowing the Enemy has some experiments of their own in mind using — *gremlins?* By **Phil Foglio, Doug Rice** and **Brian Thomas**. And Cargonauts by Foglio and **Paul Guinan**.